SAINT PETERS COMPLAINT,

Newly augmented,

WITH OTHER

POEMS.

LONDON,
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1615.

The Authour to his louing Cousin.

POets by abusing their talent, and making the follies and faynings of Loue, the customarie subiect of their base endeauours, haue so discredited this facultie, that a Poet, a Louer, and a Lyer, are by many reckoned but three words of one signification. But the vanitie of men cannot counterpoyse the authoritie of God, who deliuering many parts of Scripture in verse, and by his Apostle willing vs to exercise our deuotion in Hymnes and spirituall Sonnets, warranteth the Art to be good, and the vse allowable. And therfore not onely among the Heathen, whose Gods were chiefly canonized by their Poets, and their Paynim Diuinitie oracled in verse: but euen in the Old and New Testament, it hath beene vsed by men of greatest pietie, in matters of most deuotion. Christ himselfe by making a Hymne, the conclusion of his last Supper, and the Prologue to the first Pageant of his passion, gaue his Spouse a methode to imitate, as in the office of the Church it appeareth, and to all men a patterne to know the true vse of this measured and footed stile. But the Deuill as he affecteth Deitie, and seeketh to haue all the complements of Diuine honour applyed to his seruice, so hath he among the rest possessed also most Poets with his idle fancies. For in lieu of solemne and deuout matter, to which in dutie they owe their abilities, they now busie them-

themselues in expressing such passions, as onely serue for testimonies to how vnworthie affections they haue wedded their wils. And because the best course to let them see the errour of their Workes, is to weaue a new Webbe in their owne Loome, I haue here laid a few course threeds together, to inuite some skilfuller wits to goe forward in the same, or to begin some finer peece: wherein it may bee seene how well, verse and vertue suite together. Blame me not (good Cousin) though I send you a blame-worthie present: in which the most that can commend it, is the good will of the Writer, neither Art nor inuention giuing it any credit. If in me this be a fault, you cannot bee faultlesse that did importune mee to commit it, and therefore you must beare part of the penance, when it shall please sharpe censures to impose it. In the meane time with many good wishes I send you these few Ditties: adde you the Tunes, and let the Meane, I pray you, by still a part in all

your Musicke.

THE

THE AVTHOVR
to the Reader.

DEare eye that dooſt peruſe my Muſes ſtile,
With eaſie cenſure deeme of my delight:
Giue ſobreſt countenance leaue ſometime to ſmile,
And graueſt wits to take a breathing flight.
Of mirth to make a trade, may be a crime,
But tyred ſpirits for mirth muſt haue a time.

The lofty Eagle ſoares not ſtill aboue,
High flights will force her from the wing to ſtoupe,
And ſtudious thoughts at times men muſt remoue,
Leſt by exceſſe before their time they droupe:
In courſer ſtudies tis a ſweet repoſe,
With Poets pleaſing vaine to temper Proſe.

Profane conceits and faining fits I flye,
Such lawleſſe ſtuffe doth lawleſſe ſpeeches fit:
With *Dauid*, verſe to Vertue I apply,
Whoſe meaſure beſt with meaſured words doth fit:
It is the ſweeteſt note that man can ſing,
When grace in Vertues key tunes Natures ſtring.

The Author to the Reader.

DEare eye, that dayneſt to let fall a looke,
On theſe ſad memories of PETERS *plaints:*
Muſe not to ſee ſome mud in cleereſt Brooke.
They once were brittle mould, that now are Saints.
Their weakeneſſe is no warrant to offend,
Learne in their faults, what in thine owne to mend.

If Equities euen-hand the ballance held,
Where PETERS *ſinnes and ours were made the weights:*
Ounce for his dramme, pound for his ounce we yeeld,
His Ship would grone to feele ſome ſinners freights.
So ripe is vice, ſo greene is vertues bud:
The world doth waxe in ill, but wane in good.

This makes my mourning Muſe reſolue in teares,
This theames my heauy penne to plaine in proſe,
CHRISTS *Thorne is ſharpe, no hand his Garland weares:*
Still fineſt wits are ſtilling VENVS *Roſe,*
In Paynim toyes the ſweeteſt veines are ſpent:
To Chriſtian workes, few haue their Talents lent.

Licence my ſingle penned ſeaſon Phœbe,
You heauenly ſparkes of wit, ſhew native light:
Cloud not with miſty loues your Orient cheere,
Sweet ſlights you ſhoote, learn vnto liuell right.
Fauour my wiſh, well-wiſhing workes no ill,
I moone the Sute, the Graunt reſts in your will.

Saint

Saint Peters *Complaint.*

LAunch forth, my ſoule, into a maine of teares,
Full fraught with griefe, the trafficke of thy minde:
Torn ſailes wil ſerue, thoughts rent with guilty feares
Giue care the ſterne, vſe ſighs in lieu of winde:
Remorce, thy Pilot: thy miſdeed, thy Card:
Torment thy Hauen, ſhipwracke thy beſt reward.

Shunne not the ſhelfe of moſt deſerued ſhame:
Sticke in the ſands of agonizing dread:
Content thee to be ſtormes and billowes game;
Diuorc't from grace, thy ſoule to penhance wed:
Fly not from forraine euils, fly from thy heart;
Worſe then the worſt of euils is that thou art.

Giue vent vnto the vapours of thy breſt,
That thicken in the brimmes of cloudy eyes:
Where ſinne was hatcht, let teares now waſh the neſt,
Where life was loſt, recouer life with cryes.
Thy treſpaſſe foule, let not thy teares be few:
Baptize thy ſpotted ſoule in weeping dew.

Fly

Fly mournfull plaints, the Ecchos of my ruth;
Whose scrieches in my frighted conscience ring:
Sob out my sorrowes, fruits of mine vntruth:
Report the smart of sinnes infernall sting.
Tell hearts that languish in the sorriest plight,
There is on earth a farre more sorry wight.

A sorry wight, the obiect of disgrace,
The Monument of feare, the Map of shame,
The mirror of mishap, the staine of place,
The scorne of time, the infamy of fame,
An excrement of earth, to heauen hatefull,
Iniurious to man, to God vngratefull.

Ambitious heads, dreame you of Fortunes pride;
Fill Volumes with your forged goddesse praile,
You fansies drudges, plung'd in follies tide:
Deuote your fabling wits to louers layes:
Be you, O sharpest griefes that euer wrung,
Text to my thoughts, Theame to my playning tung.

Sad subiect of my sinne hath stoard my minde,
With euerlasting matter of complaint:
My threnes an endlesse Alphabet doe finde,
Beyond the pangs which *Ieremy* doth paint.
That eyes with errors may iust measure keepe,
Most teares I wish, that haue most cause to weepe.

All

All weeping eyes resigne your teares to me:
A sea will scantly rince my ordur'd soule:
Huge horrours in high tides must drowned be:
Of euery teare my crime exacteth tole.
These staines are deepe: few drops take out no such:
Euen salue with sore: and most is not too much.

I fear'd with life to die; by death to liue:
I left my guide, now left, and leauing God.
To breathe in blisse, I fear'd my breath to giue:
I fear'd for heauenly raigne, an earthly rod.
These feares I fear'd, feares feeling no mishaps:
O fond, O faint, O false, O faulty lapse!

How can I liue that thus my life deny'd?
What can I hope, that lost my hope in feare?
What trust to one, that truth it selfe defi'd?
What good in him that did his God forsweare?
O sinne of sinnes! of euils the very worst:
O matchlesse wretch! O caytiffe most accurst!

Vaine in my vaunts, I vowd, if friends had fail'd,
Alone *Christs* hardest fortunes to abide:
Giant in talke, like dwarfe, in triall quail'd:
Excelling none, but in vntruth and pride.
Such distance is betweene high words and deeds:
In proofe, the greatest vaunter seldome speeds.

Ah rashnesse, hastyrise to murdering leapes,
Lauish in vowing, blind in seeing what
Soone sowing thornes that long remorse must reape!
Nursing with teares that ouer-sight begat;
Scout of repentance, harbinger of blame,
Treason to wisedome, mother of ill name.

The borne-blind begger, for receiued sight,
Iohn 9. Fast in his faith and loue, to *Christ* remain'd,
He stooped to no feare, he fear'd no might,
No change his choice; no threats his truth distain'd.
One wonder wrought him in his duty sure:
I, after thousands, did my Lord abiure.

Could seruile feare of rendring Natures due,
Which growth in yeeres was shortly like to claime,
So thrall my loue, that I should thus eschue
A vowed death, and misse so faire an aymed?
Die, die, disloyall wretch, thy life detest:
For sauing thine, thou hast forsworne the best.

Ah life, sweet drop, drownd in a sea of sowres,
A flying good, posting to doubtfull end,
Still losing months and yeeres, to gaine new howres:
Faine, time to haue, and spare, yet forc't to spend:
Thy growth, decrease, a moment all thou hast:
That gone, ere knowne: the rest, to come, or past.

Ah

Ah life, the maze of countlesse straying wayes,
Open to erring steps, and strew'd with baits,
To winde weake senses into endlesse strayes,
Aloofe from vertues rough vnbeaten straights;
A flower, a play, a blast, a shade, a dreame,
A liuing death, a neuer turning streame.

And could I rate so high a life so base?
Did feare with loue cast so vnlearn account,
That for this goale I should runne *Iudas* race,
And *Caiphas* rage in cruelty surmount?
Yet they esteemed thirty pence his price:
I, worse then both, for nought deny'd him thrice. *Matth. 26.*

The mother Sea, from ouerflowing deepe,
Sends forth her liue by diuided veines;
Yet backe her off-spring to their mother creeps,
To pay their purest streames with added gaines;
But I, that drunke the drops of heauenly flud,
Bemyr'd the giuer with returning mud.

Is this the harueft of his sowing toyle?
Did *Christ* manure thy heart, to breed him briers?
Or doth it needs this vnaccustom'd soyle,
With hellish dung to fertile heauens desires?
No, no, the Marle that periuries doth, yeeld,
May spoyle a good, but fat a barraine field.

Was this for best deserts the duest meede?
Are hiest worths well wag'd with spitefull hire?
Are stoutest vowes repeal'd in greatest neede?
Should friendship, at the first affront, retire?
Blush, craven sot, lurke in eternall night:
Crouch in the darkest Caues from loathed light.

Matth. 16. Ah wretch, why was I nam'd sonne of a Doue,
Whose speeches voided spight, and breathed gall?
No kinne I am vnto the bird of loue:
My stony name much better suites my fall;
My othes were stones; my cruell tongue the sling:
My God, the marke: at which my spight did fling.

Were all the Iewish tyrannies too few
To glut thy hungry lookes with his disgrace:
That thou more hatefull tyrannies must shew,
And spet thy poyson in thy Makers face?
Iohn 16. Didst thou to spare his foes put vp thy sword,
To brandish now thy tongue against thy Lord?

Ah tongue, that didst his praise and God-head sound,
How wert thou stain'd with such detesting words,
That euery word was to his heart a wound,
And launc't him deeper then a thousand swords?
What rage of man, yea what infernall Sprite,
Could haue disgorg'd more loathsome dregs of spite?

Why

Why did the yeelding Sea, like Marble way,
Support a wretch more wauering then the waues? *Math. 14.*
Whom doubt did plunge, why did the waters ſtay?
Vnkind, in kindneſſe, murthering while it ſaues?
O that this tongue had then beene fiſhes food,
And I deuour'd before this curſing mood!

There ſurges, depths, and Seas vnfirme by kinde,
Rough guſts, and diſtance both from ſhip and ſhoare,
Were titles to excuſe my ſtaggering mind;
Stout feet might falter on that liquid floare:
But heere no Seas, no Blaſts, no Billowes were:
A puffe of womans wind bred all my feare.

O Coward troupes, farre better arm'd then harted!
Whom angrie words, whō blowes could not prouoke: *Iohn 15.*
Whō though I taught how ſore my weapon ſmarted,
Yet none repaide me with a wounding ſtroke:
O no: that ſtroke could but one moity kill:
I was reſerv'd both halfes at once to ſpill.

Ah, whither was forgotten loue exil'd?
Where did the truth of pledged promiſe ſleepe?
What in my thoughts begat this vgly childe,
That could through reaued ſoule thus fiercely creepe?
O Viper, feare their death by whom thou liueſt,
All good thy ruines wreck, all euils thou giueſt.

Threats threw me not, torments I none assayd:
My fray, with shades: conceits did make me yeeld,
Wounding my thoughts with feares: selfely dismaid,
I neither fought nor lost, I gaue the field:
Infamous foyle: a Maidens easie breath
Did blowe me downe, and blast my soule to death.

Math. 16. Titles I make vntruths; am I a rocke,
That with so fought a gale was ouerthrowne?
Am I fit Pastor for the faithfull Flocke,
To guide their soules, that murdered thus mine owne?
Marke 9. A rocke of ruine, not a rest to stay,
A Pastor, not to feede, but to betray.

Fidelity was flowne, when feare was hatched,
Incompatible broode in vertues nest:
Courage can lesse with Cowardise be matched,
Prowesse nor loue lodg'd in diuided breast:
O *Adams* Childe, cast by a silly *Eue*,
Heire to thy Fathers foyles, and borne to grieue.

In Thabors ioyes I eger was to dwell,
Math. 17. An earnest friend while pleasures light did shine:
Iohn 21. *Matth. 16.* But when eclipsed glory prostrate fell,
These zealous heates to deepe I did resigne;
And now, my mouth hath thrice his name defil'd,
That cry'd so loude three dwellings there to build.

When

When *Christ* attending the distressefull hower,
With his surcharged brest did blesse the ground,
Prostrate in pangs, rayning a bleeding shower,
Me, like my selfe, a drowsie friend he found;
Thrice in his care, sleepe clos'd by careless eye,
Presage how him my tongue should thrice deny.

Parting from *Christ*, my fainting force declin'd,
With lingring foot I followed him aloofe,
Base feare out of my heart his loue vnshrin'd, *Marke* 14. *Luke* 22.
Huge in high words, but impotent in proofe;
My vaunts did seeme hatcht vnder *Sampsons* locks,
Yet womans words did giue me murdering knocks.

So farre luke-warme desires in crazie loue,
Farre off in neede with feeble foot they traine;
In tides they swim, low ebbes they scorne to proue,
They seeke their friends delights, but shun their pain,
Hire of a hireling minde is earned shame:
Take now thy due: beare thy begotten blame.

Ah, coole remisnesse, vertues quartane feuer,
Pyning of loue, consumption of grace:
Old in the cradle, languor dying euer.
Soules wilfull famine, sinnes soft stealing pace,
The vndermining euill of zealous thought,
Seeming to bring no harmes till all be brought.

O por-

O portresse of the doore of my disgrace;
Whose tongue vnlockt the truth of vowed minde;
Whose words, from Cowards hart, did courage chase,
Iob. 18. And let in death-full feares my soule to blinde:
O hadst thou beene the portresse to my toombe:
When thou wert portresse to that cursed roome.

Yet loue was loth to part; feare, loth to die:
Stay, danger, life, did counterplead their causes:
I fauouring stay, and life, bad danger flie:
But danger did except against these clauses:
Yet stay, and liue, I would, and danger shunne:
And lost my selfe, while I my verdict wonne.

I staid, yet did my staying fartheſt part:
I liv'd; but so, that sauing life, I lost it:
Danger I shunn'd, but to my sorer smart:
I gained nought, but deeper dammage crost it.
What danger, distance, death is worse then this,
That runnes from God and spoyles his soule of blisse?

Iob. 18. 16. O *Iohn*, my guide into this earthly hell,
Too well accquainted in so ill a Court,
(Where rayling mouthes with blasphemies did swell,
With tainted breath infecting all resort)
Why didst thou lead me to this hell of euils,
To shew my selfe a Fiend among the Deuils?

Euill

Euill president, the tide that wasts to vice,
Dumme Orator, that wooes with silent deeds,
Writing in workes lessons of ill aduice,
The doing tale that eye in practice reedes,
Taster of ioyes: to vnacquainted hunger:
With leauen of the old, seasoning the younger.

It seemes no fault to doe that all haue done:
The number of offenders hide the sinne:
Coach drawne with many horse, doth easely runne,
Soone followeth one where multitudes beginne:
O, had I in that Court much stronger bin;
Or not so strong as first to enter in!

Sharpe was the weather in that stormy place, Iohn 18.
Best seeting hearts benum'd with hellish frost.
Whose crusted malice could admit no grace,
Where coales are kindled to the warmers cost,
Where feare, my thoughts canded with yse cold:
Heate, did my tongue to periuries vnfold.

O hatefull fire (ah that I neuer saw it)
Too hard my heart was frozen for thy force,
Farre hotter flames it did require to thaw it,
Thy hell-resembling heate did freeze it worse.
O that I rather had congeal'd to yce,
Then bought thy warmth at such a damning price.

Mat. 26. O wakefull bird, prochaimer of the day,
Marke 14. VVhose peacing note doth daunt the Lions rage:
Thy crowing did my sinne to me bewray,
My frights, and brutish heates it did assuage.
But O, in this alone, vnhappy Cocke,
That thou to count my foyles wert made the clocke.

O bird, the iust rebuker of my crime,
The faithfull waker of my sleeping feares:
Be now the daily clocke to strike the time,
VVhen stinted eyes shall pay their taske of teares,
Vpbraide mine eares with thine accusing crowe:
To make me rue that first it made me knowe.

Luke 18. O milde reuenger of aspiring Pride,
Thou canst dismount high thoughts to low effects:
Thou mad'st a Cocke me for my fault to chide,
My lofty boasts this lowly bird corrects.
VVell might a Cocke correct me with a crowe,
VVhom hennish cackling first did ouer-throwe.

VVeake weapons did *Goliahs* fumes abate,
VVhose storming rage did thunder threats in vaine:
1. Reg. 17. His body huge, harnest with massie plate,
Yet *Dauids* stone brought death into his braine.
VVith staffe and sling as to a dog he came:
And with contempt did boasting fury tame.

Yet *Dauid* had with Beare and Lyon fought,
His skilfull might be excus'd *Goliahs* foile:
The death is eas'd that worthy hand hath wrought:
Some honour lues in honourable spoyle;
But I, on whom all infamie must light,
VVas hist to death with words of womans spight.

Small gnats enforc'd th'Egyptian King to stoupe, *Exod.8.*
Yet they in swarmes and arm'd with peircing stings:
Smart, noyse, annoyance, made his courage droupe,
No small incumbrance such small vermine brings:
I quail at words that neither bit nor stung,
And those deliuered from a womans tongue.

Ah feare, abortiue impe of drouping minde:
Selfe ouer-throwe; false friend; roote of remorse:
Sighted, in seeing euils; in shunning blinde;
Puyld without field; thy fancy not thy force;
Ague of valour; phrensie of the wise;
True honours staine; loues frost; the mint of lies.

Can vertue, wisedome, strength by women spild
In *Dauids*, *Salomons*, and *Samsons* falls, *1.Reg.11.*
With semblance of excuse my errour gild, *2.Reg.13.*
Or lend a marble gloste to muddy walls? *Iudg.16.*
O no, their fault had shew of some pretence,
No veyle can hide the shame of my offence.

The blaze of beauties beames allur'd their lookes:
Their lookes, by fixing, sweld'ned into loue:
Loue, by affecting, swallowed pleasures hookes:
Thus beauty, loue, and pleasure them did moue.
These Syrens sugred tunes rockt them asleepe:
Inough to damne, yet not to damne so deepe.

But gracious features dazled not mine eyes,
Two homely Droyles were authors of my death:
Not loue, but feare, my senses did surprize:
Not feare of force, but feare of womans breath.
And those vnarm'd, ill grac't, despis'd, vnknowne:
So base a blast my truth hath ouer-throwne.

O women, woe to men, traps for their falls,
Still actors in all Tragicall mischances:
Earths necessary euils, captiuing thralls:
Now murdering with your tongues, now with your glances,
Parents of life, and loues spoylers of both,
The theeues of hearts: false, doe you loue or loath.

In time, O Lord, thine eyes with mine did meete,
In them I read the ruines of my fall.
Their cheering rayes that made misfortune sweet,
Into my guilty thoughts pow'rd flouds of gall:
Their heauenly lookes, that blest where they beheld,
Darts of disdaine and angry cheeks did yeeld.

O sacred

O ſacred eyes, the ſprings of liuing light,
The earthly heauens, where Angels ioy to dwell,
How could you deigne to view my deathfull plight,
Or let your heauenly beames looke on my hell?
But thoſe vnſpotted eyes encountred mine,
As ſpotleſſe Sunne doth on the dunghill ſhine.

Sweet volumes ſtor'd with learning fit for Saints,
VVhere blisfull quires in paradize their mindes,
VVherein eternall ſtudy neuer faints,
Still finding all, yet ſeeking all it finds,
How enleſſe is your labyrinth of bliſſe,
VVhere to be loſt the ſweeteſt finding is?

Ah wretch, how oft haue I ſweet leſſons read,
In thoſe deare eyes the regiſters of truth?
How oft haue I my hungry wiſhes fed,
And in their happy ioyes redreſt my ruth?
Ah that they now are Heralds of diſdaine,
That erſt were euer pitiers of my paine!

You flames diuine that ſparkle out your heats,
And kindle pleaſing fires in morteall hearts:
You Nectar'd Aumbryes of ſoule feeding meates,
You graceful quiuers of loues deereſt darts,
You did your date to warme, to wound, to feaſt,
My cold, my ſtony, my now famiſht breſt.

The matchleſſe eyes, matcht onely each by other,
VVere pleas'd on my ill matched eyes to glaunce:
The eye of liquid pearle, the pureſt mother,
Broch't teares in mine to weepe for my miſchance;
The cabinets of grace vnlockt their treaſure,
And did to my miſdeed their mercies meaſure.

Theſe blazing Commets, lightning flames of loue,
Made me their warning influence to knowe;
My frozen heart their ſacred force did proue,
Which at their lookes did yeeld like melting ſnowe:
They did not ioyes in former plenty carue,
Yet ſweet are crums where pined thoughts doe ſtarue.

O liuing mirrours, ſeeing whom you ſhew,
Which equal ſhadowes worths with ſhadowed things,
Yea make things nobler then in native hiew,
By being ſhap't in thoſe life-giuing ſprings;
Much more my image in thoſe eyes was grac't,
Then in my ſelfe, whom ſinne and ſhame defac't.

All-ſeeing eyes, more worth then all you ſee,
Of which one is the others onely price:
I worthleſſe am, direct your beames on me,
With quickning vertue cure my killing vice.
By ſeeing things, you make things worth the ſight,
You ſeeing, ſalue, and being ſeene delight.

O Pooles

O Pooles of Heſebon, the baths of grace, *Cant.7.3.*
VVhere happy ſpirits diue in ſweet deſires;
VVhere Saints delight to glaſſe their glorious face,
VVhoſe bankes make Eccho to the Angels quires,
An Eccho ſweeter in the ſole rebound,
Then Angels muſicke in the fulleſt ſound.

O eyes, whoſe glances are a ſilent ſpeech,
In cipherd words high myſteries diſcloſing:
VVhich with a looke all Sciences can teach,
VVhoſe textes to faithfull hearts need little gloſing:
VVitneſſe vnworthy I, who in a looke
Learn'd more by rote, then all the Scribes by booke.

Tough malice ſtill poſſeſt their hardned minds.
I, though too hard, learn'd ſoftneſſe in thine eye,
VVhich yron knots of ſtubborne will vnbindes,
Offring them loue, that loue with loue will buy:
This did I learne, yet they could not diſcerne it;
But woe, that I had now ſuch need to learne it.

O Sunnes, all but your ſelues in light excelling,
VVhoſe preſence, day, whoſe abſence cauſeth night,
Whoſe neighbour courſe brings Sommer, cold expel-
VVhoſe diſtant periods freeze away delight. (ling,
Ah, that I loſt your bright and foſtering beames,
To plunge my ſoule in theſe congealed ſtreames!

O gracious

O gracious Spheres where loue the Center is,
A natiue place for our ſelfe-loaden ſoules;
The compaſſe, loue, a cope that none can miſſe,
The motion, loue that round about vs rowles:
O Spheres of loue, whoſe Center, cope, and motion,
Is loue of vs, loue that inuites deuotion.

O little worlds, the ſummes of all the beſt,
VVhere glory, heauen, God, ſunne, all vertues, ſtarres;
VVhere fire a loue that next to heauen doth reſt,
Ayre, light of life, that no diſtemper marres;
The water grace, whoſe ſeas, whoſe ſprings, whoſe ſhowers
Cloth natures earth with euerlaſting flowers.

What mixtures theſe ſweet Elements doe yeeld,
Let happy worldlings of thoſe worlds expound,
But ſimples are by compounds farre exceld,
Both ſute a place, where all beſt things abound.
And if a baniſht wretch gheſſe not amiſſe:
All but one compound frame of perfect bliſſe.

I, out-caſt from theſe worlds, exiled rome,
Poore Saint, from heauen, from fire cold Salamander:
Loſt fiſh; from thoſe ſweet waters kindly home,
From land of life, ſtray'd Pilgrim ſtill I wander.
I know the cauſe: theſe worlds had neuer hell,
In which my faults haue beſt deſerv'd to dwell.

O Be-

O Bethelem ceſterns, *Dauids* moſt deſire, 2. *Reg.* 23.
From which my ſinnes like fierce Philiſtims keepe,
To fetch your drops what Champion ſhould I hire,
That I therein my withered heart may ſteepe?
I would not ſhead them like that holy King,
His were but types, theſe are the figured thing.

O Turtle twinnes all bath'd in Virgins milke, *Can.* 5. 11. 12.
Vpon the margine of full flowing banks:
VVhoſe graceful plume ſurmounts the fineſt ſilke,
VVhoſe ſight enamoureth heauens moſt happy ranks,
Could I forſweare this heauenly payre of Doues,
That cag'd in care for me were groning loues!

Twice *Moſes* wand did ſtrike the ſtubborne Rock, *Exod.* 17. *verſe* 6.
Ere ſtony veynes would yeeld their chryſtall bloud:
Thy eies, one looke ſerv'd as an onely knocke,
To make my heart guſh out a weeping floud:
VVherein my ſinnes as filthes ſpawne their frie,
To ſhew their inward ſhames, and then to die.

But O, how long demurre I on his eyes,
Whoſe look did pearce my hart with healing wound?
Launcing impoſtum'd ſore of periur'd lyes,
VVhich theſe two iſſues of mine eyes haue found:
VVhen runne it muſt, till death the iſſues ſtop,
And penall life hath purg'd the finall drop.

Like ſoleſt Swan that ſwims in ſilent deepe,
And neuer ſings but obſequies of death,
Sigh out thy plaints, and ſole in ſecret weepe,
In ſuing pardon, ſpend thy periur'd breath,
Attire thy ſoule in ſorrowes mourning weede,
And at thine eyes let guilty conſcience bleede.

Still in the Limbecke of thy doleſull breſt
Theſe bitter fruits that from thy ſinnes doe growe,
For fuell, ſelfe accuſing thoughts be boſt,
Vſe feare as fire; the coales let penance blowe;
And ſeeke none other quinteſſence but teares,
That eyes may ſhead what entred at thine eares.

Come ſorrowing teares, the off-ſpring of my griefe,
Scant not your Parent of a needfull ayde;
In you I reſt, the hope of wiſht reliefe,
By you my ſinfull debts muſt be defrayd.
Your power preuailes, your ſacrifice is gratefull,
By ſoue obtaining life to men moſt hatefull.

Come good effects of ill-deſeruing cauſe,
Ill gotten impes, yet vertuouſly brought forth
Selfe-blaming probates, of infringed Lawes,
Yet blamed faults redeeming with your worth;
The ſignes of ſhame in you each eye may read
Yet while you guilty proue, you pitty plead.

O beames

O beames of mercy beate on ſorrowes Clowd,
Proue ſuppling ſhowres vpon my parched ground:
Bring forth the fruit to your due ſeruice vow'd,
Let good deſires with like deſerts be crown'd.
Water young blooming vertues tender flowre,
Sinne did all grace of riper growth deuoure.

Weepe Balme and Myrrhe, you ſweet Arabian trees,
With pureſt gummes perfume and pearle your ryne:
Shead on your honey drops, you buſie Bees,
I, barraine plant, muſt weepe vnpleaſant bryne:
Hornets I haue, ſalt drops their labour plyes,
Suckt out of ſinne, and ſhed by ſhowring eyes.

If *Dauid* night by night did bathe his bed, *Pſal. 6. 7.*
Eſteeming longeſt dayes too ſhort to mone:
Inconſolable teares if *Anna* ſhed,
Who in her ſonne her ſolace had forgone,
Then I to dayes, and weekes, to months and yeeres, *Tob. 10.*
Doe owe the hourely rent of ſtintleſſe teares.

If loue, if loſſe, if fault, if ſpotted fame,
If danger, death, if wrath or wreck of weale,
Entitle eyes true heyres to earned blame,
That due remorſe in ſuch euents conceale,
Then want of teares might well enroll my name,
As chiefeſt Saint in Calender of ſhame.

Loue, where I lou'd, was due, and best deseru'd,
No loue could ayme at more loue-worthy marke,
No loue more lou'd then mine of him I seru'd,
Large vse he gaue, a flame for euery sparke.
This loue I lost, this losse a life must rue,
Yea life is short to pay the ruth is due.

I lost all that I had, and had the most,
The most that will can wish, or wit deuise:
I least performd, that did most vainely boast,
I staynd my fame in most infamous wise.
What danger then, death, wrath, or wreck can moue
More pregnant cause of teares then this I proue?

Gen. 37. If *Adam* sought a veyle to scarse his sinne,
Taught by his fall to feare a scourging hand,
If men shall wish that hils should wrap them in,
VVhen crimes in finall doome come to be scand,
VVhat Mount, what Caue, what Center can conceale
My monstrous fact, which euen the birds reueale?

Come shame, the liuery of offending minde,
The vgly shroude that ouer-shadoweth blame:
The mulct, at which foule faults are iustly fin'd,
The damp of sinne, the common sluce of fame,
By which impostum'd tongues their humours purge,
Light shame on me, I best deseru'd the scourge.

Cains

Cains murdering hand imbrude in brothers blood, Gen. 4.
More mercy then my impious tongue may craue:
He kild a riuall with pretence of good,
In hope Gods doubled loue alone to haue:
But feare so spoyld my vanquisht thoughts of loue,
That periurde oathes my spitefull hate did proue.

Poore *Agar* from her pheere inforc't to flye,
VVandring in Barsabian wildes alone:
Doubting her child through helplesse drought would dye,
Laid it aloofe, and set her downe to mone.
The heauens with praiers, her lap with teares she fild:
A mothers loue in losse is hardly stild.

But *Agar* now bequeath thy teares to me,
Feares, not effects, did set a-floate thine eies: Gen. 22.
But wretch I feele more then was feard of thee.
Ah not my Sonne, my soule it is that dies:
It dies for drought, yet hath a spring in sight,
VVorthy to die, that would not liue and might.

Faire *Absolon* soule faults compar'd with mine, 2. Reg. 15.
Are brightest sands, to mud of Sodome Lakes;
High aymes, young spirits, birth of royall line,
Made him play false where Kingdoms were the stakes,
He gaz'd on golden hopes, whose lustre winnes,
Sometime the grauest wits to grieuous sinnes.

But I, whose crime cuts off the least excuse,
A Kingdome lost, but hop't no might of gaine,
My highest marke, was but the worthlesse vse
Of some few lingring howres of longer paine;
Vngratefull child, his Parent he pursude,
I, Gyants warre with God himselfe renude.

Ioy, infant Saints; whom in the tender flowre,
Mat. 22. A happy storme did free from feare of sinne,
Long is their life that die in blisfull howre,
Ioyfull such ends as endlesse ioyes begin.
Too long they liue, that liue till they be nought:
Life sau'd by sinne, base purchase dearely bought.

This lot was mine, your fate was not so fearce,
Whom spotlesse death in Cradle rockt asleepe,
Sweet Roses mixt with Lillies strow'd your hearce,
Death Virgin white in Martyrs red did steepe.
Your downy heads both Pearles and Rubies crown'd,
My hoary locks did female feares confound.

You bleating Ewes, that wayle this woluish spoyle
Of sucking Lambs new bought with bitter throwes,
T'inbalme your babes your eyes distill their oyle,
Each heart to tombe her child wide rupture showes,
Rue not their death whom death did but reuiue:
Yeeld ruth to me that liu'd to die aliue.

With

With easie losse sharpe wrecks did me eschew,
That Sin on ieste aside did naked slip,
Once naked grace no outward garment knew,
Rich are his robes whom sinne did neuer strip,
I that in vaunts, displaid prides fairest flags,
Disrob'd of grace, am wrapt in *Adams* rags.

When traytor to the sonne, in Mothers eyes,
I shall present my humble sute for grace,
What blush can paint the shame that will arise,
Or write my inward feeling in my face?
Might she the sorrow with the sinner see,
Though I despisde, my griefe might pitied be.

But ah, how can her eare my speech indure,
Or sent my breath still reeking hellish sceme?
Can Mother like, what did the Sonne abiure,
Or heare deflowrd, a Virgins loue redeeme?
The Mother nothing loues that Sonne doth loath.
Ah loth some wretch, detested of them both!

O sister Nymphes, the sweet renowned paire,
That blesse Bethania bounds with your abode:
Shall I infect that sanctified ayre,
Or staine those steps where *Iesus* breath'd and trode?
No: let your prayers perfume that sweetned place;
Turne me with Tygers to the wildest chase.

Could

Iohn 11. Could I reuiued *Lazarus* behold,
The third of that sweet Trinity of Saints;
Would not astonisht dread my senses hold?
Ah yes, my heart euen with his naming faints;
I seeme to see a messenger from hell,
That my prepared torments comes to tell.

Marke 16. *Luke* 8. O *Iohn*, O *Iames*, we made a triple cord,
Of three most louing and best loued friends:
My rotten twist was broken with a word,
Fit now to fuell fire among the fiends;
It is not euer true, though often spoken,
That triple twisted cord is hardly broken.

The dispossessed Diuels that out I threw,
In IESVS name, now impiously forsworne,
Triumph to see me caged in their mew,
Trampling my ruines with contempt and scorne;
My periuries were musicke to their daunce,
And now they heape disdaines on my mischaunce.

Our Rocke (say they) is riuen. O welcome howre!
Our Eagles wings are clipt that wrought so hie:
Our thundring Cloud made noise, but cast no showre,
He prostrate lyes that would haue scal'd the skie,
In womans tongue our runner found a rub,
Our Cedar now is shrunke into a shrub.

These

Theſe ſcornefull words vpbraid my inward thought,
Proofes of their damned prompters neighbors voice:
Such vgly gueſts ſtill wait vpon the nought.
Fiends ſwarm to ſoules that ſwarue frō vertues choice,
For breach of plighted truth, this true I try;
Ah, that my deed thus gaue my word the lie.

Once, and but once, too deare a once to twice it,
A heauen, in earth, Saints, neere my ſelfe I ſaw;
Sweet was the ſight, but ſweeter loues did ſpice it,
But ſights and loues did my miſdeed with-draw.
From heauen and Saints, to hell and Deuils eſtrang'd,
Thoſe ſights to frights, thoſe loues to hates are chāg'd.

Chriſt, as my God, was templed in my thought,
As man, he lent mine eyes their deareſt light,
But ſinne his temple hath to ruine brought:
And now, he lightneth terrour from his ſight:
Now of my lay vnconſecrate deſires,
Profaned wretch I taſte the earned hires.

Ah ſinne, the nothing that doth all things file;
Out-caſt from heauen, earths curſe, the cauſe of hell:
Parent of death, author of our exile,
The wrecke of ſoules, the wares that Fiends doe ſell,
That men to monſters: Angels turnes to Deuils:
Wrong, of all rights; ſelfe ruine; roote of euils.

A thing moſt done, yet more then God can doe,
Daily new done; yet neuer done amiſſe;
Friended of all; yet vnto all a foe,
Seeming a heauen, yet baniſhing from bliſſe:
Serued with toyle, yet paying nought but paine:
Mans deepeſt loſſe; though falſe, eſteemed gaine.

Shot, without noiſe; wound without preſent ſmart:
Firſt ſeeming light; prouing in fine a lode,
Entring with eaſe, not eaſily wonne to part,
Farre in effects from that the ſhowes abode;
Endorc't with hope, ſubſcribed with deſpaire;
Vgly in death, though life did faine it faire.

O forfeiture of heauen! eternall debt,
A moments ioy; ending in endleſſe fires;
Our natures ſcum; the worlds intangling Net:
Night of our thoughts; death of all good deſires:
Worſe then all this: worſe then all tongues can ſay,
Which man could owe, but onely God defray.

This fawning Viper, dum till he had wounded,
With many mouthes doth now vpbraid my harmes:
My ſight was vaild till I my ſelfe confounded,
Then did I ſee the diſinchanted charmes:
Then could I cut the Anatomy of ſinne,
And ſearch with Linxes eies what lay within.

Bewitch-

Bewitching euill, that hides death in deceits,
Still borrowing lying ſhapes to maske thy face,
Now know I the deciphring of thy ſleights,
A cunning dearely bought with loſſe of grace;
Thy ſugred poyſon now hath wrought ſo well,
That thou haſt made me to my ſelfe a hell.

My eie reades mournfull leſſons to my heart,
My heart doth to my thought the griefe expound,
My thought the ſame doth to my tongue impart,
My tongue the meſſage in the eares doth ſound;
My eares, backe to my heart their ſorrowes ſend,
Thus circling griefes runne round without an end.

My guiltie eie ſtill ſeemes to ſee my ſinne,
All things Characters are to ſpell my fall,
What eie doth read without, heart rues within,
What heart doth rue, to penſiue thought is gall,
Which when the thought would by the tongue digeſt,
The eare conueyes it backe into the breſt.

Thus gripes in all my parts doe neuer faile,
Whoſe onely league is now in bartring paines,
What I ingroſſe, they traffique by retaile,
Making each others miſeries their gaines;
All bound, for euer, prentices to care,
Whilſt I in ſhop of ſhame trade ſorrowes ware.

Pleasd with displeasing lot I seeke no change,
I wealthiest am, when richest in remorse;
To fetch my ware no Seas nor Lands I range.
For customers to buy I nothing force.
My home-bred goods at home are bought and sold,
And still in me the interest I hold.

My comfort now is comfortlesse to liue,
In Orphan state deuoted to mishap:
Rent from the roote, that sweetest fruite did giue,
I scorn'd to graffe in stock of meaner sap.
No iuyce can ioy me but of *Iesse* flower,
Whose heauenly roote hath true reuiuing power.

At sorrowes doore I knockt, they crau'd my name:
I answered one, vnworthy to be knowne.
What one, say they? one worthiest of blame.
But who? a wretch, not Gods, nor yet his owne.
A man? O no, a beast, much worse: what creature?
A rocke: how cald? the rocke of scandale, *Peter*.

From whence? frõ *Caiphas* house: ah dwell you there?
Sinnes farme I rented there, but now would leaue it:
What rent? my soule; what gaine? vnrest, and feare.
Deare purchase. Ah too deare, will you receiue it.
What shall we giue? fit teares, and times to plaine me.
Come in, say they; thus griefes did entertaine me.

With

With them I reſt true priſoner in their Iayle,
Chayn'd in the yron linkes of baſeſt thrall,
Till grace vouchſafing captiue ſoule to bayle,
In wonted See degratted loues inſtall.
Dayes paſſe in plaints; the night without repoſe,
I wake, to weepe, I ſleepe in waking woes.

Sleepe, deaths ally, oblituion of teares,
Silence of paſſions, balme of angry ſore,
Suſponce of loues, ſecurity of feares,
Wraths lenitiue, hearts eaſe, ſtormes calmeſt ſhore,
Sences and ſoules reprieuall from all cumbers,
Benumming ſence of ill, with quiet ſlumbers.

Not ſuch my ſleepe, but whiſperer of dreames,
Creating ſtrange Chymeras fayning frights:
Of day diſcourſes giuing fanſie theames,
To make dum ſhewes with worlds of anticke ſights,
Caſting true griefes in fanſies forging mold,
Brokenly telling tales rightly fore-told.

This ſleepe moſt fitly ſuiteth ſorrowes bed,
Sorrow, the ſmart of euill, Sinnes eldeſt child:
Beſt, when vnkind in killing who it bred,
A racke for guilty thoughts, a bit for wild.
The ſcourge that whips, the ſalue that cures offence:
Sorrow, my bed, and home, while life hath ſence.

Here ſolitarie Muſes nurſe my griefes,
In ſilent lonenesſe burying worldly noiſe,
Attentiue to rebukes, deafe to reliefes,
Penſiue to ſofter cares, careleſſe of ioyes;
Ruing lifes loſſe vnder deaths dreary roofes,
Solemnizing my funerall behooſes.

A ſelfe contempt the ſhrowde, my ſoule the corſe,
The Beere, an humble hope, the herſe-cloth, feare;
The mourners, thoughts, in blacks of deepe remorſe,
The herſe, grace, pittie, loue, and mercie beare.
My teares, my dole, the Prieſt a zealous will:
Penance the tombe: and dolefull ſighes the knill.

Chriſt, health of feuer'd ſoule, heauen of the mind,
Force of the feeble, nurſe of infant loues,
Guide to the wandring foote, light to the blind,
Whom weeping windes, repentant ſorrow moues.
Father in care; mother in tender heart,
Reuiue and ſaue me, ſlaine with ſinfull dart.

If King *Manaſſes* ſunke in depth of ſinne,
With plaints and teares recouered grace and crowne:
A worthleſſe worme ſome mild regard may winne,
And lowly creepe, where flying threw it downe.
A poore deſire I haue to mend my ill,
I ſhould, I would, I dare not ſay, I will.

I dare

I dare not ſay, I will; but wiſh I may,
My pride is checkt, high words the ſpeaker ſpike:
My good, O Lord, thy gift, thy ſtrength, my ſtay:
Giue what thou bidſt, and then bid what thou wilt.
Worke with me what thou of me doo'ſt requeſt,
Then will I dare the moſt, and vow the beſt.

Prone looke, croſt armes, bent knee, and contrite heart,
Deepe ſighs, thick ſobs, dew'd eies, & proſtrate praiers,
Moſt humbly beg releaſe of earned ſmart,
And ſauing ſhrowd in mercies ſweet repaires.
If Iuſtice ſhould my wrongs with rigor wage,
Feares, would deſpaires; ruth, breed a hopeleſſe rage.

Lazar at pitties gate I vlcered lye,
Crauing the reſuſe cruſts of childrens plate:
My ſores I lay in view to mercies eye,
My rags beare witnes of my poore eſtate;
The wormes of conſcience that within me ſwarme:
Proue that my plaints are leſſe then is my harme.

With mildnes, *Ieſu*, meaſure mine offence;
Let true remorſe thy due reuenge abate;
Let teares appeaſe when treſpaſſe doth incenſe:
Let pitty temper thy deſerued hate.
Let grace forgiue, let loue forget my fall,
With feare I craue, with hope I humbly call.

Redeeme

Redeeme my lapse with ransome of thy loue,
Trauerse th'inditement, rigors doome suspend:
Let frailty fauour, sorrowes succour moue.
Be thou thy selfe, though changeling I offend:
Tender my suite, cleanse this defiled denne,
Cancell my debts, sweet *Iesu*, say Amen.

The ende of Saint Peters *Complaint.*

MARIE MAGDALENS BLVSH.

THe ſignes of ſhame that ſtaine my bluſhing face,
Riſe from the feeling of my raging fits.
Whoſe ioy annoy, whoſe guerdon is diſgrace:
Whoſe ſolace flies, whoſe ſorrow neuer flits:
Bad ſeed I ſow'd, worſe fruit is now my gaine,
Soone dying mirth begat long liuing paine.

Now pleaſure ebbes, reuenge begins to flow,
One day doth wreake the wrath that many wrought:
Remorſe doth teach my guilty thoughts to know
How cheape I ſold, that Chriſt ſo dearely bought.
Faults long vnfelt doth conſcience now bewray,
Which cares muſt cure, and teares muſt waſh away.

All ghoſtly dynts that Grace at me did dart,
Like ſtubborne rocke I forced to recoyle;
To other flights an ayme I made my heart, (foyle.
Whoſe wounds then welcom, now haue wrought my
Woe worth the bowe, woe worth the Archers might,
That draue ſuch Arrowes to the marke ſo right.

To pull them out, to leaue them in, is death;
One, to this world; one to the world to come:
Wounds may I weare, and draw a doubtfull breath:
But then my wounds will worke a dreadfull doome.
And for a world, whose pleasures passe away,
I lose a world, whose ioyes are past decay.

O sence, O soule, O had, O hoped blisse,
You woo, you weane, you draw, you driue mee backe.
Your crosse encountring, like their combate is,
That neuer end but with some deadly wracke.
When sence doth winne, the soule doth lose the field,
And present haps make future hopes to yeeld.

O heauen, lament, sence robbeth thee of Saints,
Lament, O soules, sence spoyleth you of Grace.
Yet sence doth scarce deserue these hard complaints,
Loue is the thiefe, sence but the entring place,
Yet grant I must, sence is not free from sinne,
For thiefe he is, that thiefe admitteth in.

Mary Magdalens complaint at Chriſts death.

SIth my life from life is parted:
Death, come take thy portion,
Who ſuruiues, when life is murdred,
Liues by meere extortion.
All that liue, and not in God,
Couch their life in deaths abod.

Silly ſtarres muſt needs leaue ſhining,
When the ſunne is ſhaddowed.
Borrowed ſtreames refraine their running,
When head-ſprings are hindered.
One that liues by others breath,
Dyeth alſo by his death.

O true Life, ſince thou haſt left me,
Mortall life is tedious,
Death it is to liue without thee,
Death of all moſt odious.
Turne againe, or take me to thee,
Let me dye, or liue thou in mee.

Where the truth once was and is not,
Shaddowes are but vanity:
Shewing want, that helpe they cannot,
Signes, not salues of misery.
Painted meat no hunger feedes,
Dying life each death exceeds.

With my loue, my life was nestled
In the summe of happinesse,
From my loue, my life is wrested
To a world of heauinesse.
O, let loue my life remoue,
Sith I liue not where I loue.

O my soule, what did vnloose thee
From thy sweet captivity?
God, not I, did still possesse thee:
His, not mine thy liberty.
O, too happy thrall thou wart,
When thy prison was his heart.

Spightfull speare, that breakst this prison,
Seat of all felicity,
Working this, with double treason,
Loues and liues deliuery:
Though my life thou draw'st away,
Maugre thee my loue shall stay.

Times goes by turnes.

THE lopped tree in time may grow againe,
Moſt naked plants renew both fruit and flowre:
The ſorrieſt wight may finde releaſe of paine,
The drieſt ſoyle ſucke in ſome moyſtning ſhowre.
Times goe by turnes, and chances change by courſe,
From foule to faire: from better hap to worſe.

The ſea of Fortune doth not euer flow,
Shee drawes her fauours to the loweſt ebbe;
Her tides haue equall times to come and goe,
Her Loome doth weaue the fine and courſeſt webbe;
No ioy ſo great, but runneth to an end:
No hap ſo hard, but may in fine amend.

Not alwaies Fall of leafe, nor euer Spring,
No endleſſe night, nor yet eternall day:
The ſaddeſt Birds a ſeaſon find to ſing,
The roughеſt ſtorme a calme may ſoone allay.
Thus with ſucceeding turnes God tempereth all:
That man may hope to riſe, yet feare to fall.

A chance may winne that by miſchiance was loſt,
That net that holds no great, takes little fiſh;
In ſome things all, in all things none are croſt,
Few all they need: but none haue all they wiſh.
Vnmeddled ioyes here to no man befall:
Who leaſt, hath ſome, who moſt, hath neuer all.

Looke home,

RAtyred thoughts inioy their owne delights,
As beauty doth in ſelfe-beholding eye:
Mans minde a mirrour is of heauenly ſights,
A briefe wherein all maruailes ſummed lye:
Of faireſt formes, and ſweeteſt ſhapes the ſtore,
Moſt gracefull all, yet thought may grace them more.

The minde a creature is, yet can create,
To Natures patterns adding higher skill:
Of fineſt workes, wit better could the ſtate,
If force of wit had equall power of will:
Deuice of man in working hath no end,
What thought can think, another thought can mend.

Mans ſoule of endleſſe beauties image is,
Drawne by the worke of endleſſe skill and might;
This skilfull might gaue many ſparks of bliſſe,
And to diſcerne this bliſſe a native light,
To frame Gods image as his worths requir'd,
His might, his skill, his word, and will conſpir'd.

All that he had, his Image ſhould preſent,
All that it ſhould preſent, he could afford;
To that he could afford, his will was bent,
His will was followed with performing word.
Let this ſuffice, by this conceine the reſt,
He ſhould, he could, he would, he did the beſt.

Fortunes

Fortunes falſhood.

IN worldly merriments lurketh much miſery:
Sly fortunes ſubtilties, in bayts of happineſſe,
Shrowd hookes; that, ſwallowed (without recouery)
Murder the innocent with mortall heauineſſe.

She ſooth'eth appetites with pleaſing vanities,
Till they be conquered with cloaked tyranny:
Then, changing countenance, with open enmities,
Shee triumphs ouer them, ſcorning their ſlauery.

With fawning flattery Deaths doore ſhe openeth,
Alluring paſſingers to bloudy deſtiny:
In offers bountifull, in proofe ſhe beggereth;
Mens ruines regiſtring her falſe felicity.

Her hopes are faſtned in bliſſe that vaniſheth,
Her ſmart inherited with ſure poſſeſſion,
Conſtant in cruelty, ſhe neuer altereth,
But from one violence, to more oppreſſion.

To thoſe that follow her, fauours are meaſured
As eaſie premiſſes to hard concluſions;
With bitter corroſiues her ioyes are ſeaſoned;
Her higheſt benefits are but illuſions.

Her

Her way's a labyrinth of wandring paſſages:
Fooles common pilgrimage, to curſed deities:
Whoſe fond deuotion and idle menages,
Are wag'd with wearineſſe in fruitleſſe drudgeries.

Blinde, in her fauourites fooliſh election,
Chance is her Arbiter in giuing dignity:
Her choyſe of viſions, ſhewes moſt diſcretion,
Sith wealth the vertuous might wreſt from piety.

To humble ſuppliants, tyrant moſt obſtinate:
Shee ſuters anſwereth with contrarieties.
Proud with petition, vntaught to mitigate
Rigour with clemencie in hardeſt cruelties.

Like Tygre fugitiue from the Ambitious,
Like weeping Crocodile to ſcornefull enemies,
Suing for amitie where ſhe is odious,
But to her followers forſwearing curteſies.

No winde ſo changeable, no ſea ſo wauering,
As giddie Fortune in reeling varieties;
Now mad, now mercifull, now fierce, now fauouring:
In all things mutable, but mutabilities.

Scorne

Scorne not the leaſt.

WHere wards are weak, & foes incountring ſtrong,
Where mightier doe aſſault then doe defend,
The feebler part puts vp inforced wrong,
And ſilent ſees, that ſpeech could not amend;
Yet higher powers muſt thinke, though they repine,
When ſunne is ſet, the little ſtarres will ſhine.

While Pike doth range, the ſilly Tench doth fly,
And crouch in priuy creekes, with ſmaller fiſh:
Yet Pikes are caught when little fiſh goe by,
Theſe fleet aſlote, while thoſe doe fill the diſh;
There is a time euen for the wormes to creepe,
And ſucke the deaw while all their foes doe ſleepe.

The Marline cannot euer ſoare on high,
Nor greedy Grey-hound ſtill purſue the chaſe,
The tender Larke will finde a time to fly,
And fearefull Hare to runne a quiet race.
He that high growth on Cedars did beſtow,
Gaue alſo lowly Muſhrumps leaue to growe.

In *Hamans* pompe poore *Mardochens* wept,
Yet God did turne his fate vpon his foe,
The *Lazar* pinde, while *Dines* feaſt was kept,
Yet he to heauen, to hell did *Dines* goe.
We trample graſſe, and prize the flowers of May,
Yet graſſe is greene, when flowers doe fade away.

The Natiuitie of Christ.

BEhold, the Father is his daughters ſonne:
The bird that built the neſt, is hatcht therein:
The old of yeeres, an howre hath not out-runne:
Eternall life, to liue doth now beginne.
The Word is dum, the mirth of heauen doth weepe,
Might feeble is, and force doth faintly creepe.

O dying ſoules, behold your liuing ſpring;
O dazled eyes, behold your Sunne of grace;
Dull eares, attend what word this Word doth bring,
Vp, heauy hearts, with ioy your ioy imbrace:
From death, from darke, from deafneſſe, frō deſpaires,
This life, this light, this Word, this ioy repaires.

Gift better then himſelfe, God doth not know:
Gift better then his God, no man can ſee;
This gift doth here the giuer giuen beſtow,
Gift to this gift let each receiuer be.
God is my gift, himſelfe he freely gaue me.
Gods gift am I, and none but God ſhall haue me.

Man altered was by ſinne from man to beaſt:
Beaſts food is hay, hay is all mortall fleſh,
Now God is fleſh, and lyes in Manger preſt
As hay, the bruteſt ſinner to refreſh:
O happy field wherein this fodder grew!
Whoſe taſte doth vs from beaſts to men renew.

Christs Childhood.

TIll twelue yeeres age, how Christ his child-hood
Al earthly pens vnworthy were to write, (ſpent,
Such acts to mortall eyes he did preſent,
Whoſe worth, not men, but Angels muſt recite.
No natures blots, no childiſh faults defilde,
Where grace was guide, and God did play the child.

In ſpringing locks, lay couched hoary wit,
In ſemblance young, a graue and ancient port,
In lowly lookes, high maieſty did ſit:
In tender tongue, ſound ſence of ſageſt ſort,
Nature imparted all that ſhe could teach,
And God ſupplied, where Nature could not reach.

His mirth of modeſt meane a mirrour was,
His ſadneſſe, tempered with a milde aſpect;
His eye to try each action was a glaſſe,
Whoſe lookes did good approue, and bad correct.
His Natures gifts, his grace, his word and deed,
Well ſhewed that all did from a God proceed.

A Childe my Choice.

LEt folly prayſe that fancïe loues: I prayſe and loue that child,
Whoſe heart no thought, whoſe tongue no word, whoſe hand no deede (defil'd.
I prayſe him moſt, I loue him beſt, all prayſe and loue is his:
While him I loue, in him I liue, and cannot liue amiſſe.

Loues ſweeteſt marke, laudes higheſt Theame, mans moſt deſired light,
To loue him, life; to leaue him, death; to liue in him, delight.
He mine by gift, I his by debt, thus each to other's due,
Firſt friend he was, beſt friend he is, all times will trie him true.

Though yong, yet wiſe, though ſmall, yet ſtrong, though man, yet God he is,
As wiſe, he knowes, as ſtrong, he can, as God, he loues to bliſſe:
His knowledge rules, his ſtrength defends, his loue doth cheriſh all,
His birth our ioy, his life our light, his death our end of thrall.

Alas, he weepes, he ſighes, he pants, yet doe his Angels ſing,
Out of his teares, his ſighes and throbs, doth bud a ioyfull Spring,
Almightie Babe, whoſe tender armes can force all foes to flye,
Correct my faults, protect my life, direct me when I die.

Content

Content and rich.

I Dwell in Graces Court,
Enricht with Vertues rights;
Faith guides my wit, Loue leades my will,
Hope, all my minde delights.

In lowly vales I mount
To pleaſures higheſt pitch:
My ſilly ſhroude true Honour brings,
My poore eſtate is rich.

My conſcience is my Crowne,
Contented thoughts, my reſt,
My heart is happie in it ſelfe,
My bliſſe is in my breſt.

Enough, I reckon wealth,
A meane, the ſureſt lot,
That lyes too high for baſe contempt,
Too low, for Enuies ſhot.

My wiſhes are but few,
All eaſie to fulfill:
I make the limits of my power,
The bounds vnto my will.

I haue no hopes but one,
VVhich is of heauenly raigne:
Effects attaind, or not deſir'd,
All lower hopes refraine.

I feele no care of coyne,
Well-doing is my wealth,
My mind to me an Empire is,
VVhile grace affoordeth health.

I clyp high-climing thoughts,
The wings of ſwelling pride,
Their fall is worſt, that from the heighe
Of greateſt honour ſlide.

Sith ſayles of largeſt ſize
The ſtorme doth ſooneſt teare,
I beare ſo low and ſmall a ſayle
As freeth me from feare.

I wraſtle not with rage,
While furies flame doth burne,
It is in vaine to ſtop the ſtreame,
Vntill the tide doth turne.

But when the flame is out,
And ebbing wrath doth end,
I turne a late enraged foe
Into a quiet friend.

And taught with often proofe,
A tempered calme I finde
To be moſt ſolace to it ſelfe,
Beſt cure for angry minde.

Spare dyet is my fare,
My clothes more fit then fine,
I know, I feede, and clothe a foe,
That pamp'red, would repine.

I enuie not their hap
Whom fauour doth aduance;
I take no pleaſure in their paine
That haue leſſe happie chance.

To riſe by others fall,
I deeme a loſing gaine;
All ſtates with others ruines built,
To ruine runne amaine.

No change of Fortunes calmes
Can caſt my comforts downe:
When Fortune ſmiles, I ſmile to thinke
How quickly ſhe will frowne.

And when in froward moode,
Shee proou'd an angrie foe,
Small gaine I found to let her come,
Leſſe loſſe to let her goe.

Loſſe

Losse in Delayes.

SHun delayes, they breed remorſe,
Take thy time while time doth ſerue thee,
Creeping Snayles haue weakeſt force,
Flie their fault, leſt thou repent thee.
Good is beſt, when ſooneſt wrought,
Lingring labours come to nought.

Hoyſe vp ſayle while gale doth laſt,
Tide and wind ſtay no mans pleaſure,
Seeke not time, when time is paſt,
Sober ſpeed is Wiſedomes leiſure:
After-wits are dearely bought,
Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.

Time weares all his lockes before,
Take thou hold vpon his forehead,
VVhen he flyes, he turnes no more,
And behind is ſcalpe is naked,
Workes adiourn'd haue many ſtayes,
Long demurres breed new delayes.

Seeke

Seeke thy salue while sore is greene,
Festered wounds aske deeper launcing;
After-cures are seldome seene,
Often sought scarce euer chaunncing.
Time and place giue best aduice,
Out of season, out of price.

Crush the Serpent in the head,
Breake ill egges ere they be hatched.
Kill bad Chickins in the tread;
Fligge, they hardly can be catched,
In the rising, stifle ill,
Least it grow against thy will.

Drops doe pierce the stubborne Flint,
Not by force, but often falling,
Custome kils with feeble dint,
More by vse, then strength preuailing.
Single sands haue little waight,
Many make a drowning fraight.

Tender twigs are bent with ease,
Aged trees doe breake with bending,
Young desires make little prease,
Growth doth make them past amending.
Happie man that soone doth knocke
Babel Babes against the rocke.

Loues ſeruile Lot.

LOue, Miſtreſſe is of many minds,
Yet few know whom they ſerue,
They reckon leſt how little loue
Their ſeruice doth deſerue.

The will ſhe robbeth from the wit,
The ſence from reaſons lore,
Shee is delightfull in the ryne,
Corrupted in the core.

Shee ſhroudeth vice in Vertues veile,
Pretending good in ill,
Shee offereth ioy, affordeth griefe,
A kiſſe where ſhe doth kill.

A honie ſhowre raines from her lips,
Sweet lights ſhine in her face.
Shee hath the bluſh of Virgin mind,
The minde of Vipers race.

Shee makes thee ſeeke, yet feare to find,
To find, but not enioy;
In many frownes, ſome gliding ſmiles.
Shee yeelds to more annoy.

Shee

Shee wooes thee to come neere her fire,
Yet doth ſhe draw it from thee,
Farre off ſhe makes thy heart to fry,
And yet to freeze within thee.

Shee letteth fall ſome luring baits
For fooles to gather vp:
Too ſweet, too ſowre, to euerie taſte
Shee tempereth her cup.

Soft ſoules ſhe binds in tender twiſt,
Small Flyes in ſpinners webbe,
Shee ſets afloate ſome luring ſtreames,
But makes them ſoone to ebbe.

Her watrie eyes haue burning force:
Her flouds and flames conſpire:
Teares kindle ſparkes, ſobs fuell are:
And ſighs doe blow her fire.

May neuer was the Month of loue,
For May is full of flowres,
But rather April wet by kind,
For loue is full of ſhowres.

Like Tyrant cruell wounds ſhe giues,
Like Surgeon ſalue ſhe lends:
But ſalue and ſore haue equall force,
For death is both their ends.

With ſoothing words, intralled ſoules
Shee chaines in ſeruile bands,
Her eye in ſilence hath a ſpeech,
Which eye beſt vnderſtands.

Her little ſweet hath many ſowres,
Short hap immortall harmes,
Her louing lookes, are murdring darts,
Her ſongs bewitching charmes.

Like Winter Roſe, and Summer Ice,
Her ioyes are ſtill vntimely,
Before her hope, behind remorſe,
Faire firſt, in fine vnſeemely.

Moodes paſſions, fancies iealous fits
Attend vpon her traine:
She yeeldeth reſt without repoſe,
A Heauen in helliſh paine.

Her houſe is ſloth, her doore deceit,
And ſlipperie hope her ſtaires,
Vnbaſhfull boldneſſe bids her gueſts,
And euerie vice repaires.

Her dyet is of ſuch delight,
As pleaſe till they be paſt,
But then the poyſon kils the heart,
That did intice the taſte.

Her

Her sleep in sinne, doth end in wrath,
Remorse rings her awake,
Death cals her vp, shame driues her out,
Despaires her vpshot make.

Plow not the Seas, sowe not the sands,
Leaue off your idle paine,
Seeke other mistresse for your mindes,
Loues seruice is in vaine.

Life is but Losse.

BY force I liue, in will I wish to dye,
In plaint I passe the length of lingring dayes,
Free would my soule from mortall bodie flye,
And tread the tracke of Deaths desired wayes;
Life is but losse, where death is deemed gaine,
And lothed pleasures breed displeasing paine.

VVho would not dye, to kill all murdering greeues?
Or who would liue in neuer-dying teares?
VVho would not wish his treasure safe from Theeues
And quit his heart from pangs, his eies from teares?
Death parteth but two, euer fighting foes,
VVhose ciuill strife doth worke our endlesse woes.

Life is a wandring course to doubtfull rest,
As oft a cursed ryse to damning leape;
As happie race to winne a heauenly crest,
None being sure, what finall fruits to reape.
And who can like in such a life to dwell,
Whose wayes are strait to Heauen, but wide to Hell?

Come cruell death, why lingrest thou so long,
What doth withhold thy dint from fatall stroke?
Now prest I am: alas, thou doest me wrong,
To let me liue more anger to prouoke:
Thy right is had, when thou hast stopt my breath,
Why should'st thou stay, to worke my double death.

If *Saules* attempt in falling on his blade,
As lawfull were, as ethe to put in vre:
If *Sampsons* leaue, a common Law were made,
Of *Abels* lot if all that would were sure:
Then cruell death, thou should'st the Tyrant play
With none but such as wished for delay.

Where life is lou'd, thou readie art to kill,
And to abbridge with sodaine pangs their ioy,
Where life is loth'd, thou wilt not worke their will,
But dost adiourne their death to their annoy.
To some thou art a fierce vnbidden gueſt:
But those that craue thy helpe, thou helpest least.

Auant oh viper, I thy spight defie,
There is a God that ouer-rules thy force,
Who can thy weapons to his will apply,
And shorten or prolong our brittle course:
I on his mercie, not thy might relye,
To him I liue, for him I hope to dye.

I dye

I dye alive.

O Life, what lets thee from a quicke deceaſe?
O death, what drawes thee from a preſent prey?
My feaſt is done, my ſoule would lie at eaſe,
My grace is ſaid, O Death, come take away.

I liue, but ſuch a life as euer dyes:
I dye, but ſuch a death, as neuer ends,
My death to end my dying life denies,
And life my liuing death no whit amends.

Thus ſtill I dye, yet ſtill I doe reuiue,
My liuing death by dying life is fed:
Grace more then Nature keepes my heart aliue,
Whoſe idle hopes and vaine deſires are dead.

Not where I breathe, but where I loue, I liue,
Not where I loue, but where I am, I dye:
The life I wiſh, muſt future glorie giue,
The deaths I feele, in preſent dangers lye.

What

What ioy to Liue?

I Wage no warre, yet peace I none enioy,
I hope, I feare, I frye in freezing cold,
I mount in mirth ſtill proſtrate in annoy,
I all the World imbrace, yet nothing hold.
All wealth is want where chiefeſt wiſhes faile,
Yea life is loth'd, where loue may not preuaile.

For that I loue, I long, but that I lacke;
That others loue, I loath, and that I haue:
All worldly fraights to me are deadly wracke,
Men, preſent hap, I future hopes doe craue.
They louing where they liue, long life require,
To liue where beſt I loue, death I deſire.

Here loue is lent for lone of filthie gaine, (ſhew:
Moſt friends befriend themſelues with friendſhips
Here, plentie perill, want doth breed diſdaine,
Cares common are, ioyes faultie, ſhort and few.
Heere Honour enuide, meaneneſſe is deſpis'd,
Sinne deemed ſolace, Vertue littlepris'd.

Here Beautie is a baite, that ſwallowed choakes
A treaſure ſought ſtill to the owners harmes:
A light that eyes to murdring ſighs prouokes,
A grace that ſoules inchants with mortall charmes,
A luring ayme to *Cupids* fierie flights,
A balefull bliſſe that damnes where it delights.

O

O who would liue, ſo many deaths to trie,
VVhere will doth wiſh that wiſdome doth reproue?
VVhere Nature craues that grace muſt needs denie,
VVhere ſence doth like, that reaſon cannot loue,
VVhere beſt in ſhew, in finall proofe is worſt,
VVhere pleaſures vp-ſhot is to dye accurſt.

Lifes death, Loues life.

VVHo liues in loue, loues leaſt to liue,
And long delayes doth rue,
If him he loue by whom he liues,
To whom all loue is due.

VVho for our loue did chooſe to liue,
And was content to dye;
VVho lou'd our loue more then his life,
And loue with life did buy.

Let vs in life, yea with our life,
Requite his liuing loue,
For beſt we liue, when leaſt we liue,
If loue our life remoue.

VVhere loue is hote, life hatefull is,
Their grounds doe not agree,
Loue where it loues, life where it liues,
Deſireth moſt to be.

And ſith loue is not where it liues,
Nor liueth where it loues,
Loue hateth life, that holds it backe,
And death it beſt approues.

For ſeldome is he wonne in life,
Whom loue doth moſt deſire:
If wonne by loue, yet not enioyde,
Till mortall life expire.

Life out of earth, hath not aboad,
In earth loue hath no place,
Loue ſettled hath her ioyes in Heau'n,
In earth life all her grace.

Mourne therfore no true louers death,
Life onely him annoyes.
And when he taketh leaue of life,
Then loue begins his ioyes.

At home in Heauen.

FAire ſoule, how long ſhal veiles thy graces ſhrowd?
How long ſhall this exile with-hold thy right?
VVhen will thy Sunne diſperſe this mortall cloud,
And giue thy glories ſcope to blaze their light?
O that a ſtarre more fit for Angels eyes,
Should pine in Earth, not ſhine aboue the skies!

This ghoſtly beautie offered force to God,
It chain'd him in the linkes of tender loue,
It wonne his will with man to make abode:
It ſtaid his ſword, and did his wrath remoue;
It made the rigor of his Iuſtice yeeld,
And crowned mercie Empreſſe of the field.

This lull'd our heauenly *Sampſon* faſt aſleepe,
And laid him in our feeble Natures lap;
This made him vnder mortall load to creepe,
And in our fleſh his God-head to inwrap;
This made him ſoiurne with vs in exile,
And not diſdaine our titles in his ſtile.

This brought him from the ranks of heau'nly Quires,
Into this veile of teares, and curſed ſoyle;
From flowres of grace, into a world of bryers,
From life to death, from bliſſe to balefull toyle.
This made him wander in our Pilgrim weed,
And taſte our torments, to releeue our need.

O ſoule, doe not thy noble thoughts abaſe,
To loſe thy loue in any morteall wight,
Content thine eye at home with native grace,
Sith God himſelfe is rauiſht with thy ſight.
If on thy beautie God enamoured be,
Baſe is thy loue of any leſſe then he.

Giue not aſſent to muddie minded skill,
That deemes the feature of a pleaſing face,
To be the ſweeteſt baite to lure the will,
Not valuing right the worth of ghoſtly grace;
Let Gods and Angels cenſure winne beliefe,
That of all beauties iudge our ſoules the chiefe.

Queene *Heſter* was of rare and peereleſſe hiew,
And *Iudith* once for beautie bare the vaunt,
But he that could our ſoules endowments view,
VVould ſoone to ſoules the Crowne of beautie graunt.
O ſoule, out of thy ſelfe ſeeke God alone:
Grace more then thine, but Gods, the world hath none.

Lewd

Lewd Loue is loſſe.

MIſdeeming eye that ſtoopeth to the lure
Of mortall worths, not worth ſo worthie Loue,
All beautie's baſe, all graces are impure,
That doe thy etring thought from God remoue.
Sparkes to the fire, the beames yeeld to the Sunne,
All grace to God, from whom all graces runne.

If picture moue, more ſhould the patterne pleaſe,
No ſhadow can with ſhadowed things compare,
And faireſt ſhapes whereon our loues doe ſeaze,
But ſilly ſignes of Gods high beauties are.
Goe, ſtarueling ſence, feed thou on earthly maſt,
True loue in Heau'n, ſeeke thou thy ſweet repaſt.

Gleane not in barren ſoyle theſe offall eares,
Sith reape thou maiſt whole haruents of delight.
Baſe ioyes with griefs, bad hopes doe end in teares,
Lewd loue with loſſe, euill peace with deadly fight:
Gods loue alone doth end with endleſſe eaſe,
Whoſe ioyes in hope, whoſe hope concludes in peace.

Let not the luring traine of fancies trap,
Or gracious features proofes of Natures skill,
Lull reaſons force aſleepe in errours lap,
Or draw thy wit to bent of wanton will,
The faireſt flowres haue not the ſweeteſt ſmell,
A ſeeming Heauen proues oft a damning Hell.

Selfe-pleaſing ſoules that play with beauties bait,
In ſhining ſhrowd may ſwallow fatall hooke,
Where eager ſight, or ſemblant faire doth wait,
A locke it proues that firſt was but a looke:
The fiſh with eaſe into the Net doth glide,
But to get out, the way is not ſo wide.

So long the Fly doth dally with the flame,
Vntill his ſindged wings doe force his fall,
So long the eye doth follow Fancies game,
Till loue hath left the heart in beauie thrall;
Soone may the mind be caſt in *Cupids* layle,
But hard it is impriſoned thoughts to bayle.

O lothe that loue, whoſe finall ayme is luſt,
Moth of the mind, eclipſe of reaſons light,
The graue of grace, the mole of Natures ruſt,
The wrack of wit, the wrong of euerie right;
In ſumme, an euill, whoſe harmes no tongue can tell,
In which to liue is death, to dye is Hell.

VAine loues auaunt, infamous is your pleaſure,
Your ioy deceit,
Your iewels, ieſts, and worthleſſe traſh your treaſure,
Fooles common bait.
Your palace is a priſon that allureth
To ſweet miſhap, and reſt that paine procureth.

Your Garden griefe, hedg'd in with thornes of Enuie,
And ſtakes of ſtrife,
Your Allyes errour, grauelled with iealouſie,
And cares of life.
Your bankes are ſeates enwrapt with ſhades of ſadnes,
Your Arbours breede rough fits of raging madneſſe.

Your beds are ſowne with ſeeds of all iniquitie,
And poyſ'ning weeds:
Whoſe ſtalkes euil thoughts, whoſe leaues words ful of (vanitie,
Whoſe fruit miſdeeds.
Whoſe ſap is ſinne, whoſe force and operation,
To baniſh grace, and worke the ſoules damnation.

Your trees are diſmall plants of pyning corroſiues,
Whoſe root is ruth.
Whoſe bark is bale, whoſe timber ſtubborne fantaſies,
Whoſe pith vntruth.
On which in lieu of birds whoſe voyce delighteth,
Of guiltie conſcience ſcreeching note affrighteth.

Your cooleſt ſummer gales are ſcalding ſighings,
Your ſhowres are teares.
Your ſweeteſt ſmell the ſtench of ſinfull liuing,
Your fauours feares;
Your Gardener Satan, all you reape is miſerie:
Your gaine remorſe, and loſſe of all felicitie. From

From Fortunes reach.

LEt fickle Fortune runne her blindeſt race:
I ſettled haue an vnremoued mind:
I ſcorne to be the game of Fancies chaſe,
Or vane to ſhew the change of euery wind,
Light giddie humors ſtinted to no reſt,
Still change their choice, yet neuer choſe the beſt.

My choice was guided by foreſightfull heed,
Is was auerred with approuing will,
It ſhall be followed with performing deed:
And ſeal'd with vow, till death the chooſer kill,
Yea death, though finall date of vaine deſires,
Ends not my choice, which with no time expires.

To beauties fading bliſſe I am no thrall,
I burie not my thoughts in metall Mines,
I ayme not at ſuch fame, as feareth fall,
I ſeeke and find a light that euer ſhines:
Whoſe glorious beames diſplay ſuch heauenly ſights,
As yeeld my ſoule a ſumme of all delights.

My light to loue, my loue to life doth guide
To life that liues by loue, and loueth light:
By loue to one, to whom all loues are tyed
By deweſt debt, and neuer equall right.
Eyes light, hearts loue, ſoules trueſt life he is,
Conſorting in three ioyes, one perfect bliſſe.

A can-

A Fanſie turned to a Sinners Complaint.

HEe that his mirth hath loſt,
Whoſe comfort is to rue,
Whoſe hope is fallen, whoſe faith is crau'd,
Whoſe truſt is found vntrue:

If he haue held them deare,
And cannot ceaſe to mone;
Come, let him take his place by me,
He ſhall not rue alone.

But if the ſmalleſt ſweete
Be mixt with all his ſowre;
If in the day, the moneth, the yeere,
He feele one lightning howre:

Then reſt he with himſelfe,
He is no mate for me;
VVhoſe time in teares, whoſe race in ruth,
VVhoſe life a death muſt be.

Yet not the wiſhed death,
That feeles no paine or lacke:

That making free the better part,
Is onely Natures wracke.

O no, that were too well,
My death is of the minde;
That alwayes yeelds extremeſt pangs,
Yet threatens worſe behinde.

As one that liues in ſhew,
And inwardly doth dye:
Whoſe knowledge is a bloody field,
Where vertue ſlaine doth lye.

Whoſe heart the Altar is,
And hoaſt, a God to mone;
From whom my ill doth feare reuenge,
His good doth promiſe loue.

My Fanſies are like thornes,
In which I goe by nights;
My frighted wits are like an hoaſt,
That force hath put to flight.

My ſenſe is paſſions ſpye,
My thoughts like ruines old,
Which ſhew how faire the building was,
While grace did it vphold.

And ſtill before mine eyes,
My mortall fall they lay;

Whom

Whom grace and vertue once adiunct,
Now ſinne hath caſt away.

O thoughts, no thoughts, but wounds,
Sometime the ſeate of ioy,
Sometime the ſtore of quiet reſt,
But now of all annoy.

I ſow'd the ſoyle of peace,
My bliſſe was in the ſpring;
And day by day the fruit I eate,
That Vertues tree did bring.

To Nettles now my corne,
My field is turn'd to flint;
Where I a heauy harueſt reape,
Of cares that neuer ſtint.

The peace, the reſt, the life,
That I enioy'd of yore,
Were happy loſſe, but by their loſſe,
My ſmart doth ſting the more.

So to vnhappy men,
The beſt frames to the worſt:
O time, O place, where thus I fell,
Deare then, but now accurſt.

In was, ſtands my delight,
In is, and ſhall my woe,

My horrour fanned the hope,
My hope hangs in the no.

Vnworthy of reliefe,
That craued is too late;
Too late I finde, (I finde too well)
Too well, ſtood my eſtate.

Behold, ſuch is the end,
That pleaſure doth procure,
Of nothing elſe but care and plaint,
Can ſhe the minde aſſure.

Forſaken firſt by grace,
By pleaſure now forgotten,
Her paine I feele, but graces wage
Haue others from me gotten.

Then grace, where is the ioy,
That makes thy torments ſweete;
Where is the cauſe, that many thought
Their deaths through thee but meete?

Where thy diſdaine of ſinne,
Thy ſecret ſweet delight;
Thy ſparkes of bliſſe, thy heauenly ioyes,
That ſhined erſt ſo bright?

O that they were not loſt,
Or I could it excuſe;

O that a dreame of fained loſſe,
My iudgement did abuſe.

O fraile inconſtant fleſh,
Soone trapt in euery ginne;
Soone wrought thus to betray thy ſoule,
And plunge thy ſelfe in ſinne.

Yet hate I but the fault,
And not the faulty one.
Ne can I rid from me the mate,
That forceth me to moane:

To moane a ſinners caſe,
Then which, was neuer worſe;
In Prince or poore, in young, or olde,
In bleſt, or full of curſe.

Yet Gods muſt I remaine;
By death, by wrong, by ſhame,
I cannot blot out of my heart,
That grace writ in his name.

I cannot ſet at nought,
Whom I haue held ſo deere;
I cannot make him ſeeme afarre,
That is in deede ſo neere.

Not that I looke hence-forth
For loue that earſt I found;

Sith that I brake my plighted vowe,
To build on fickle ground.

Yet that ſhall neuer faile,
Which my faith bare in hande:
I gaue my vow, my vow gaue me,
Both vow and gift ſhall ſtande.

But ſince that I haue ſinn'd,
And ſcourge none is too ill;
I yeeld me captiue to my curſe,
My hard fate to fulfill.

The ſolitary Wood,
My Citty ſhall become,
The darkeſt denne ſhall be my lodge,
In which I reſt or come.

A ſandy plot my boord,
The wormes my feaſt ſhall be,
Where-with my carcaſſe ſhall be fed,
Vntill they feede on me.

My teares ſhall be my wine,
My bed a craggy Rocke;
My harmony the Serpents hiſſe,
The ſcreeching Owle my cloathe.

My exerciſe remorſe,
And dolefull ſinners layes,

My booke remembrance of my crimes,
And faults of former dayes.

My walke the path of plaint,
My prospect into hell;
Where *Iudas* and his cursed crue
In endlesse paines doe dwell.

And though I seeme to vse
The faining Poets stile,
To figure forth my carefull plight,
My fall and my exile:

Yet is my griefe not fain'd,
Wherein I starue and pine,
Who feeles the most, shall thinke it least,
If his compare with mine.

Dauids Peccani.

IN Eaues, sole Sparrow sits not more alone,
Nor mourning Pellican in Desart wilde,
Then silly I, that solitary mone,
From highest hopes to hardest hap exilde:
Sometime (O blissefull time) was vertues meede,
Ayme to my thoughts, guide to my word and deede.

But

But feares are now my Pheares, griefe my delight,
My teares my drink, my familiar thoughts my bread;
Day full of dumps, Nurse of vnrest the night,
My garments giues, a bloudy field my bed,
My sleepe is rather death, then deaths allye,
Yet kill'd with murd'ring pangs, I cannot dye.

This is the chance of my ill changed choyse,
Ruth for my rest, for comforts cares I finde;
To pleasant tunes succeeds a playning voice,
The dolefull eccho of my wayling minde:
VVhich taught to know the worth of vertues ioyes,
Doth hate it selfe for louing fancies toyes.

If wiles of wit had ouer-raught my will,
Or subtle traines misled my steppes awry,
My foyle was found excuse in want of skill,
Ill deede I might, though not ill doome deny:
But wit and will must now confesse with shame,
Both deede and doome to haue deserued blame.

I Fansie deem'd fit guide to leade my way,
And as I deem'd, I did pursue her tracke;
Wit lost his ayme, and will was Fansies prey,
The Rebels wan, the Rulers went to wracke:
But now sith Fansie did with folly end,
Wit bought with losse, Will taught by wit, will mend.

Sinnes heauie load.

O Lord, my ſinnes doe ouercharge thy breſt,
The poyſe thereof doth force thy knees to bow;
Yea flat thou falleſt with my faults oppreſt,
And bloudie ſweat runs trickling frõ thy brow:
But had they not to Earth thus preſſed thee,
Much more they would in Hell hãue peſtred mee.

This Globe of Earth doth thy one finger prop,
The world thou doo'ſt within thy hand embrace;
Yet all this waight, of ſweat drew not a drop,
Ne made thee bow, much leſſe fall on thy face:
But now thou haſt a load ſo heauie found,
That makes thee bow, yea fall flat to the ground.

O ſinne, how huge and heauie is thy waight!
That waigheſt more then all the world beſide.
Of which when Chriſt hath taken in his fraight,
The poyſe thereof his fleſh could not abide.
Alaſſe, if God himſelfe ſinke vnder ſinne,
What will become of man that dyes therein?

Firſt, flat thou fell'ſt, when earth did thee receaue,
In cloſet pure of *Maries* virgin breſt;
And now thou fall'ſt, of earth to take thy leaue,
Thou kiſſeſt it as cauſe of thy vnreſt:
O louing Lord, that ſo dooſt loue thy foe,
As thus to kiſſe the ground where he doth goe.

Thou minded in thy heauen our earth to weare,
Doo'ſt proſtrate now thy heauen, our earth to bliſſe;
As God, to earth thou often wert ſeuere:
As man, thou call'ſt a peace with bleeding kiſſe.
For as of ſoules thou common Father art,
So is ſhe Mother of mans other part.

She ſhortly was to drinke thy deareſt bloud,
And yeeld the ſoule a way to Satans caue;
She ſhortly was thy corſe in toombe to ſhrowd,
And with them all thy Deitie to haue:
Now then in me thou ioyntly yeeldeſt all,
That ſeuerally to earth ſhould ſhortly fall.

O proſtrate Chriſt, erect my crooked mind,
Lord, let thy fall my flight from Earth obtaine;
Or if I needs muſt ſtill in Earth be ſhrin'd,
Then Lord, on Earth come fall yet once againe:
And eyther yeeld in Earth with me to lye,
Or elſe with thee to take me to the skie.

Pſ. 6.

Ioſephs Amazement.

VVHen Chriſt by growth diſcloſed his deſcent,
Into the pure receipt of *Maries* breſt;
Poore *Ioſeph*, ſtranger yet to Gods intent,
With doubts of iealous thoughts was ſore oppreſt:
And wrought with diuers fits of feare and loue,
He neither can her free, nor faulty proue.

Now ſince the wakefull ſpy of iealous minde,
By ſtrong coniectures deemeth her defil'd;
But loue in doome of things beſt loued blinde,
Thinkes rather ſenſe deceiu'd, then her with childe:
Yet proofes ſo pregnant were, that no pretence,
Could cloake a thing ſo cleare and plaine to ſenſe.

Then *Ioſeph* daunted with a deadly wound,
Let looſe the reines of vndeſerued griefe,
His heart did throb, his eyes in teares were drownd,
His life a loſſe, death ſeem'd his beſt reliefe:
The pleaſing reliſh of his former loue,
In gauliſh thoughts to bitter taſte doth proue.

One foot he often ſetteth out of dore,
But t'other loath vncertaine wayes to tread;
He takes his fardell for his needfull ſtore,
He caſts his Inne where firſt he meanes to bed:
But ſtill ere he can frame his feet to goe,
Loue winneth time, till all conclude in no.

Sometimes griefe adding force, he doth depart,
He will againſt his will keepe on his paſe:
But ſtraight remorſe ſo rackes his raging heart,
That haſting thoughts yeeld to a pauſing paſe:
Then mightie reaſons preſſe him to remaine,
She whom he flyes doth winne him home againe.

But when his thought by ſight of his aboad,
Preſents the ſigne of miſeſteemed ſhame;
Repenting euery ſtep that back he trod,
Teares done, the guide, the young, the feet do blame:
Thus warring with himſelfe, a field he fights,
Where euery wound vpon the giuer lights.

And was (quoth he) my loue ſo lightly priz'd,
Or was our ſacred league ſo ſoone forgot?
Could vowes be void, could vertues be deſpis'd;
Could ſuch a ſpouſe be ſtain'd with ſuch a ſpot?
O wretched *Ioſeph*, that hath liu'd ſo long,
Of faithfull loue to reape ſo greeuous wrong.

Could

Could ſuch a worme breed in ſo ſweet a Wood?
Could in ſo chaſt demeanure lurke vntruth?
Could vice lye hid where Vertues image ſtood?
Where hoarie ſageneſſe graced tender youth?
Where can affiance reſt, to reſt ſecure?
In vertues faireſt ſeat, faith is not ſure.

All proofes did promiſe hope a pledge of grace,
Whoſe good might haue repay'd the deepeſt ill;
Sweet ſignes of pureſt thoughts in Saintly face,
Aſſur'd the eye of her vnſtained will,
Yet in this ſeeming luſtre, ſeeme to lye
Such crimes, for which the Law condemnes to dye.

But *Ioſephs* word ſhall neuer worke her woe,
I wiſh her leaue to liue, not doome to dye;
Though Fortune mine, yet am I not her foe,
She to her ſelfe leſſe louing is then I:
The moſt I will, the leaſt I can is this,
Sith none may ſalue, to ſhun that is amiſſe.

Exile my home, the wildes ſhall be my walke,
Complaint my ioy, my Muſicke mourning layes;
With penſiue griefes in ſilence wil I talke,
Sad thoughts ſhal be my guides in ſorrowes wayes:
This courſe beſt ſutes the care of careleſſe minde,
That ſeekes to loſe, what moſt it ioy'd to finde.

Like ſtocked tree whoſe branches all doe fade,
Whoſe leaues doe fall, and periſht fruit decay;
Like hearbe that growes in cold and barren ſhade,
VVhere darkneſſe driues all quickning heat away:
So dye muſt I, cut from my root of ioy,
And throwne in darkeſt ſhades of deepe annoy.

But who can flye from that his heart doth feele?
What change of place can change implanted paine?
Remouing, moues no hardneſſe from the ſteele.
Sicke hearts, that ſhift no fits, ſhift roomes in vaine:
VVhere thought can ſee, what helpes the cloſed eye?
VVhere heart purſues, what gaines the foot to flye?

Yet ſtill I tread a maze of doubtfull end;
I goe, I come, ſhe drawes, ſhe driues away,
She wounds, ſhe heales, ſhe doth both marre & mend,
She makes me ſeeke, and ſhun, depart, and ſtay:
She is a friend to loue, a foe to lothe,
And in ſuſpence I hang betweene them both.

New Prince, new Pompe.

BEhold, a ſilly tender Babe,
In freezing VVinter night,
In homely Manger trembling lyes;
Alas a pittious ſight:
The Innes are full, no man will yeeld
This little Pilgrime bed;
But forc't he is with ſilly beaſts,
In Crib to ſhrowd his head.
Deſpiſe him not for lying there,
Firſt what he is enquire:
An orient pearle is often found
In depth of dirtie mire.
VVaigh not his Crib, his woodden diſh,
Nor beaſts that by him feed:
VVaigh not his Mothers poore attire,
Nor *Ioſephs* ſimple weed.
This Stable is a Princes Court,
The Crib his chaire of State:
The Beaſts are parcell of his Pompe,
The woodden diſh his plate.
The perſons in that poore attire,
His royall liueries weare,
The Prince himſelfe is com'n from heauen,
This pompe is prized there.

VVith

With ioy approch, O Chriſtian wight,
Doe homage to thy King;
And highly prayſe his humble Pompe,
Which he from Heauen doth bring.

The burning Babe.

AS I in hoarie Wintors night ſtood ſhiuering in the ſnow,
Surpris'd I was with ſudden heat, which made my heart to glow;
And lifting vp a fearefull eye, to view what fire was neere,
A pretie Babe all burning bright did in the ayre appeare;
Who, ſcorched with exceſſiue heate, ſuch floods of teares did ſhed,
As though his floods ſhould quench his flames, which with his teares
Alas, (quoth he) but newly borne, in fierie heats I frie, (were bred:
Yet none approch to warme their hearts, or feele my fire but I;
My faultleſſe breſt the furnace is, the fuell wounding thornes:
Loue is the fire, and ſighes the ſmoake, the aſhes ſhames and ſcornes;
The fuell Iuſtice layeth on, and mercie blowes the coales,
The mettall in this Furnace wrought, are mens defiled ſoules:
For which, as now on fire I am to worke them to their good,
So will I melt into a bath, to waſh them in my blood.
With this he vaniſht out of ſight, and ſwiftly ſhrunke away,
And ſtraight I called vnto mind, that it was Chriſtmaſſe day.

New

New Heauen, new Warre.

COme to your heauen, you heauenly Quires,
Earth hath the heauen of your desires:
Remoue your dwelling to your God,
A stall is now his best abode;
Sith men their homage doe deny,
Come Angels all, their fault supply.

His chilling cold doth heat require,
Come Seraphins in lieu of fire;
This little Arke no couer hath,
Let Cherubs wings his body swathe:
Come *Raphael*, this Babe must eate,
Prouide our little *Toby* meate.

Let *Gabriel* be now his groome,
That first tooke vp his earthly roome;
Let *Michael* stand in his defence,
Whom loue hath linkt to feeble sense:
Let graces rocke when he doth cry,
Let Angels sing his lullaby.

The same you saw in heauenly seate,
Is he that now suckes *Maries* teate;
Agnize your King a mortall wight,
His borrowed weed lets not your sight:
Come kisse the manger where he lies,
That is your blisse aboue the skies.

This little Babe, so few dayes olde,
Is come to rifle Sathans folde;
All hell doth at his presence quake,
Though he himselfe for cold doe shake:
For in this weake vnarmed wise,
The gates of Hell he will surprize.

With teares he fights and winnes the field,
His naked brest stands for a shield;
His battering shot are babish cryes,
His arrowes, lookes of weeping eyes,
His Martiall Ensignes, cold and need,
And feeble flesh, his warriers Steed.

His Campe is pitched in a stall,
His bulwarke but a broken wall:
The Crib his trench, hay-stalkes his stakes,
Of Shepheards he his Muster makes;
And thus as sure his foe to wound,
The Angels trumps alarum sound.

My

My ſoule, with Chriſt loyne thou in fight,
Sticke to the Tents, that he hath dight;
Within his Crib is ſureſt ward,
This little Babe will be thy guard:
If thou wilt foyle thy foes with ioy,
Then flit not from the heauenly Boy.

FINIS.